No. 15-1 MAY, 1937

NEW Adventure COMICS

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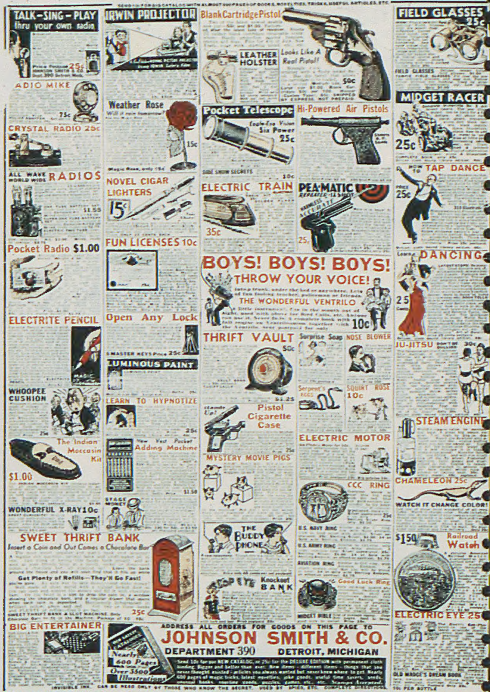

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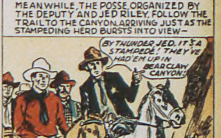
CAPTAIN JIM of the TEXAS RANGERS

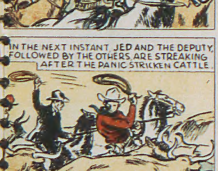
AS THE TWO RIDERS DRAW NEAR, FOLLOWED BY A THIRD, RUSTY QUICKLY HOLSTERS HIS GUN AS HE RECOGNIZES HIS FRIENDS. HE EXPLAINS HURRIEDLY, HOW HE HAD BEEN STATIONED AS A LOOK-OUT, WHILE THE OTHERS HAD GONE TO AID SCAR IN HIS STRUGGLE WITH CAPTAIN JIM ON THE LEDGE.

HOW ABOUT THAT BUNCH O' FEEDERS FROM CIRCLE BAR Z WE PUT IN TORO BASIN?
THAT'S JEST WHERE WE RE HEADIN' — WE BETTER DO SOME RIB-KICKIN' TACKLIN', OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

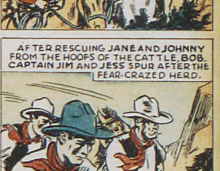
MEANWHILE, THE POSSE ORGANIZED BY THE DEPUTY AND JED RILEY, FOLLOW THE TRAIL TO THE CANYON, ARRIVING JUST AS THE STAMPEDING HERD BURSTS INTO VIEW—



IN THE NEXT INSTANT JED AND THE DEPUTY, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS, ARE STREAKING AFTER THE PANIC-STRICKEN CATTLE.



AFTER RESCUING JANE AND JOHNNY FROM THE HOOFS OF THE CATTLE, BOB, CAPTAIN JIM AND JESS SPUR AFTER THE FEAR-CRAZED HERD.



WHEN CAPTAIN JIM AND HIS COMPANIONS OVERTAKE THE HERD, THEY FIND THAT THE STAMPEDE HAS BEEN STOPPED AND THE CATTLE ARE UNDER CONTROL.

UPON REACHING THE CIRCLE BAR Z RANGE, EACH OWNER ROUNDS UP HIS STOCK — BOB IS SURPRISED TO FIND NONE OF HIS BRAND IN THE HERD.

JANE AND JOHNNY TELL ABOUT A PLACE MENTIONED BY THE RUSTLERS THE FIRST TIME THEY WERE CAPTIVES.

STOPPING JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR FRESH MOUNTS AND PROVISIONS, THEY ARE SOON ON THE TRAIL AGAIN.

RIDING A SHORT DISTANCE IN ADVANCE OF THE OTHERS, BOB SUDDENLY REINS IN HIS HORSE — LYING IN A CLUMP OF BUSHES IS PART OF THE CARCASS OF A COW.

BY
EL FLEMING
-SHE PUT UP A FIGHT - GROUND'S TORN UP—
BOB, I'LL SAY THOSE ARE GRIZZLY BEAR TRACKS, BY THE CLAW MARKS!
UNCLE BOB SAID HE'S GOING TO SET A TRAP FOR THAT BEAR WHEN WE GET BACK—
REACHING A FORK WHERE THE TRAIL WIDENS OUT, JANE AND JOHNNY GALLOP AHEAD OF CAPTAIN JIM AND BOB -
SUDDENLY, JANE'S PONY REARS ON ITS HIND LEGS, NEARLY THROWING HER FROM THE SADDLE, AS A LOUD CRASHING NOISE COMES FROM THE PINE THICKET BEYOND.
FLEMING

CHIKKO CHAKKO

by ELLIS EDWARDS

SEÑOR MAYOR- EITHER WE MUST PAY THIS TERRIBLE-TEMPERED TAILOR WHAT WE OWE HIM OR WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE HE AWAKES
SEÑORES! I HAVE A PLAN -- I BRING PEPPI -MY FIGHT CHICKEN- HERE AND THEN I EXPLAIN WHAT WE DO!
GO GET HIM!

SEE? WHEN PEPPI WIN FIGHT WE WIN MONEY- AND PAY EL TAILOR - NO?
VARGAS SAY HE BET 20 PESOS PEPPI NO WHIP HIS CHICKEN --
PEDRO BOAST ABOUT HIS CHICKEN - I GO SEE HIM -
HA-HA! THIS CHICKEN CAN'T PICK A HOLE I RAIN- DR

SO! LITTLE PIGEON-I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT THE NOSE OF EL SHERIF!
TAKE THAT! AND THAT! AND THAT!
PUM PUM PUM
CARAMBA! HE IS SWALLOWING THE BULLETS --!
GULP-GULP-GULP
THIS TIME I DO NOT MAKE A MISTAKE -- I'LL FEED YOU BULLETS TILL YOU FEEL LIKE A LOADED GUN!
?
AI! I DO NOT LIKE THE WAY HE LOOKS AT MY NOSE --!
PUM
CARAMBA! HE DID IT AGAIN!
CONTINUED

JUST for FUN
By ALGER
I'M NUTS ABOUT MARIE BUT SHE SPURNS ME!
RAVE ABOUT HER, MORE! I'LL SHOW YOU!
THOSE EYES! THOSE LIPS! THAT GOLDEN HAIR! THAT SMILE! AH ME! WHAT BEAUTY RARE!
SPRING PAGE 56 IN THIS BOOK ON MARIE J'NITE!
T'ANKS
YOUR TEETH ARE LIKE THE RAREST PEARLS YOUR CHEEKS TH' FULL-BLOWN ROSE. LIKE SUNSET GOLD YOUR PRETTY CURLS OF CLASSIC MOLD YOUR NOSE!
YOUR TEETH ARE LIKE TH' SUNSET'S GOLD THEY CURL JUST LIKE YOUR NOSE. WHICH IS OF VERY MASSIVE MOLD AND LIKE A FULL-BLOWN ROSE!
WHAZZA MATTA, JOE?
NEV' MIND!

BOYS 8 to 15 EARN MONEY AND Big PRIZES

FLASH ahead of your chums on this long, low, silvery Monark bicycle. Know what real, thrilling fun is. The light-weight, rustless aluminum frame permits a speedy getaway. Besides, the bike is fully streamlined like the new trains, airplanes, and autos. Has coaster brake, combination headlight and bell horn, "navigation" lights, platform carrier, balloon tires. The wonderful bicycle can be yours—or any of our 300 other prizes, including magic sets, a motor machine, typewriter, printing press or athletic equipment.

You can earn any prize you want by delivering The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, and Collier's to customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood. You can make MONEY, besides. It's easy! It's fun! Need not interfere with school or other activities. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. Be the first boy in your neighborhood to start. Fill out the coupon and send it today.

one of our magic sets you can amaze your friends, play tricks, and make money. Turn to the prize adverts in the back at the right. Mail the coupon now and we'll start you

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Dear Jim: Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES and send me a copy of your 32-page Prize Book.

Name ..... Age .....

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JUNGLE FEVER

by Win —

RED AND CURLY HAVE BEEN RESCUED FROM A WATERY GRAVE BY A TRAMP STEAMER. THE CREW OF WHICH MUTINIES IN QUEST OF A VALUABLE SHIPMENT OF PEARLS

WHILE THE FIGHT CONTINUES — —
KEP IS SLOWLY RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW
WOW! WHAT HIT ME? MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A BOILER FACTORY
LET'S SEE — HMM-M-M — EVERYTHING'S OK! NO BONES BROKEN!
IN THAT CASE I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T CRACK A FEW SKULLS MYSELF! COME ON — YOU RATS!
STAB A GUY IN THE BACK, WILLYA!!
WELL SHIVER ME TIMBERS!/— —IF RED HAINT CLEANIN' 'EMUP!

THE MUTINY ENDS WE FIND A VOTE OF NEW CAPTAIN INSTRUCTING HIS MEN TO PUT THE BOSS OF THE MUTINEERS
TYKE THEM BLOOMIN' SWABS AND THROW THEM IN THE SIN AND GIVE THEM NOTHING BUT WATER
WELL ME LADS YE SURE DONE A GREAT JOB — YER ISLAND IS A LITTLE OFF OUR COURSE BUT I'LL TYKE YE TO HER, YES SIR MATES I'LL DO IT!
SOUTH THE COURSE OUF WEST!
AYE, AYE, SIR
AFTER A FEW DAYS OF SAILING THE CAPTAIN SEES THE ISLAND TO WHICH RED AND CURLY ARE BOUND
WELL, SHIVER ME TIMBERS! TYKE SHE TO THE TROPICAL ISLE!
O.K MATES — LOWER A BOAT — THE LADS ARE GOING TO THE ISLAND
SO LONG — LANDLUBBERS AND DON'T TYKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS
HERE IS OUR NEW HOME, RED —

ON THE POOP STANDS A LONELY FIGURE WATCHING THE APPROACH OF TWO HEROES
STRANGERS COMING— WE HAVE TO TELL BOSS
MUST HURRY AND SEE 'UM BOSS
THE NATIVE HURRIEDLY DEPARTS TO WARN HIS SUPERIOR ABOUT THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEWCOMERS
BOSS, STRANGERS APPROACH THIS ISLAND — MAYBE ARMS, WANT
STRANGERS, EH?
LISTEN, HERNANDEZ— I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW THESE STRANGERS—FIND OUT THEIR MOVEMENTS AND REPORT AT ONCE TO ME— WE WANT NO ONE TO SPOIL OUR GAME!
MEANWHILE RED AND CURLY HAVE LANDED AND ARE NOW LOOKING FOR HOLLOWAY'S PLANTATION
NOW HOW DO WE GET TO THIS PLANTATION?
?DUVE GOT ME, PAL — I'LL ASK A NATIVE
THERE'S SOMEONE NOW
HEY, BOY! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
SI SEÑOR
WE LIKE TO GET TO MR. HOLLOWAY'S PLANTATION.
OH! SEÑORES NO GO THERE! YOU BETTER TO RETURN TO BOAT! THERE IS MANY DANGERS THERE!
STRANGERS WANT TO GO TO HOLLOWAY'S PLANTATION. LOOK BAD
ANY ARE KEEP AND WATCH CLOSELY WATCHED BY THE NATIVE— SOMETHING SINISTER PLOT AWAITS THEM— TO BE CONTINUED

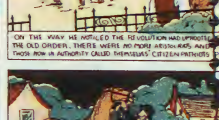
A TALE OF TWO CITIES

CHARLES DICKENS

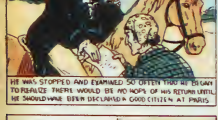
DEBARKING AT CALAIS FROM THE CHANNEL BOAT CHARLES AT ONCE HIRED A HORSE AND BEGAN THE LONG RIDE TO PARIS.

ON THE WAY HE NOTICED THE REVOLUTION HAD UPROOTED THE OLD ORDER. THERE WERE NO MORE ARISTOCRATS, AND THOSE NOW IN AUTHORITY CALLED THEMSELVES CITIZEN PATRIOTS.

HE WAS STOPPED AND EXAMINED SO OFTEN THAT HE BEGAN TO REALIZE THERE WOULD BE NO HOPE OF HIS RETURN UNTIL HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DECLARED A GOOD CITIZEN AT PARIS.



THE JOURNEY TOOK MANY DAYS. SO EACH EVENING HE SOUGHT SOME SMALL TOWN IN WHICH TO SPEND THE NIGHT



ONE EVENING HE WENT TO BED, TIRED OUT, IN A LITTLE INN ON THE HIGH ROAD, STILL A LONG WAY FROM PARIS.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT HE WAS RUDELY AWAKENED BY A LOCAL FUNCTIONARY AND THREE ARMED PATRIOTS.

...SE AND DRESS YOURSELF" COMMANDED THE FUNCTIONARY. "I AM GOING TO SEND YOU TO PARIS UNDER AN ESCORT!"

"BUT I NEED NO ESCORT," PROTESTED CHARLES, "I DESIRE NOTHING MORE THAN TO GET TO PARIS."

"SILENCE!" GROWLED A PATRIOT, "YOU ARE AN ARISTOCRAT, AND MUST HAVE AN ESCORT— AND MUST PAY FOR IT."

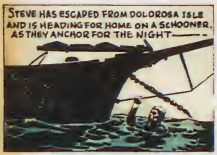
REALIZING HE HAD NO CHOICE, CHARLES COMPLIED AND WAS TAKEN TO THE GUARDHOUSE WHERE HE PAID A HEAVY PRICE FOR HIS ESCORT.

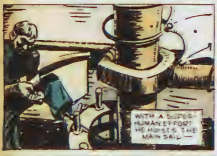
THE ESCORT WERE TWO MOUNTED PATRIOTS, IN TRICOLOURED COCKADES WHO RODE ONE ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM — IN THIS STATE THEY SET FORTH WITH THE SHARP RAIN DRIVING IN THEIR FACES.

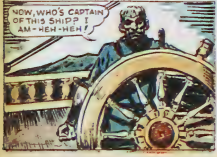
—To Be Continued—

The Adventures of STEVE CONRAD

· BY FLESS ·







AS THE BOSN TURNS TO CALL FOR HELP-
THE SCHOONER SAILS ON WITH A DEAD MAN AT THE WHEEL!
AND I'LL GET STEVE CONRAD TOO!
GOSH, THE BOSN! LASHED TO THE WHEEL AND THE SHIPS UNDER FULL SAIL!!

LOOKOUT, STEVE! THE DEVACHAN IS BEHIND YOU!

HEY, I'M OVER HERE!!
GOSH-THE CURRENT IS STRONG. IT'S PULLING US AWAY FROM THE BOAT. I COULD SWIM, BUT-
MYRA PLUNGES IN THE SWIRLING OCEAN-
MYRA, GO BACK, YOU FOOL. WE'LL ALL DROWN!!
IT'S OKAY, STEVE. I'VE GOT A ROPE TIED TO ME.
TO BE CONTINUED
CAUGHT IN A SWIRLING CURRENT OF THE TROPICAL OCEAN, STEVE AND THE DEVACHAN ARE CARRIED AWAY FROM THE SHIP— BUT- MYRA TYING A ROPE TO HERSELF, DIVES INTO THE TURBULENT SEA TO RESCUE STEVE.

Worth-While Pictures to Watch For

By I. W. MAGOVERN

THIS time, instead of talking up the entire space with talk about what's coming in the way of pictures, let's talk a bit about the people—the lesser people rather than the stars—who work in the films.

For example, there are the many, many cowboys who live in or near Hollywood, eking out a rather precarious living working as extras and stunt men in the Western horse-operas. Day after day they congregate, when they're not lucky enough to be working, at a spot known as "The Water Hole." They loll about, decked out in their picturesque, gay silk shirts, ten-gallon hats and high heeled boots, and spin tales of the old days on the range as they deftly roll cigarettes. Most of them need two hands to roll a creditable "smoke," but a few particularly adept can do the trick is a most nonchalant manner with only one hand.

Almost all of the movie cowpokes, however, have worked at the trade, although lots of them started out in life at points far removed from the wide western plains. One chap whom we know quite well is as good a puncher as any of them, yet he was born and passed his boyhood in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Now he speaks in what is supposed to be a typical drawl, rolls his own cigarettes expertly, can ride a bronc like nobody's business and can make a rope do tricks that would have done justice to the late Will Rogers. And although the days of the six-shooter have practically passed with the old West he can, as the saying goes, shoot the eyes out of a heptood at a hundred yards.

Of the many thousands of

enrolled "extras" in the film capitol, the cowboys probably do best as far as days' work per year is concerned. The output of Westerns is considerable, for there are always small "independent" companies making horse-operas that those of us who live in the larger cities seldom see. These small companies are called "Quickie Outfits," for, because of the fact that they have very little money with which to work, they must get a picture completely made in a week or ten days, as against the periods ranging up to six months or even a year that the big picture companies spend on the filming of a story.

When jobs are scarce the cowboys will work for the Quickie outfits for as little as five dollars a day, but they must wait for the big companies, like Paramount or Metro, to pay them anywhere from five to fifteen dollars a day. If they do "stunt" work, such as leaping a tumble from a horse and down a steep embankment, they may get fifteen dollars or so for the risk to life and limb, though the film companies are very careful hospital expenses if they are badly hurt.

When you see a big cattle-run or stampede in a picture, you may not realize it, but you are seeing "animated extras" at work. Ranchers hire their cattle out to the picture-makers at a dollar a head for such scenes, and there are, of course, large stables that supply horses for the cowboys to ride. They can even produce horses to "double" for star horses in dangerous scenes, and for "stand-in" work and hard rides which might tend to fatigue the star horses.

That's all for this time. Why don't you write me, care of Nicholson Publishing Co., 432 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City, and tell me whether you like talks about HOW pictures are made as well as you like talks about the pictures themselves?

STRAIGHT from HOLLYWOOD

By LAIDLAW

A FLOCK OF TRAINED PIGEONS WERE NEEDED IN "TARZAN ESCAPES" - WHEN THE CAGE WAS OPENED THEY FLEW HOME -- AFTER 3 ATEMPTS THE OWNER WAS BROUGHT ON THE SET TO MAKE THEM FEEL AT HOME...

IN MANY SMALL COUNTRIES THE OLD SILENT WESTERN PICTURES ARE STILL SHOWN -- THOUSANDS THINK THAT THE WILD AND WOOLY DAYS STILL EXIST IN THE U.S.

GUINN "BIG-BOY" WILLIAMS

HE RECEIVED HIS NICKNAME "BIG-BOY" FROM WILL ROGERS - HE ONCE WAS A COW-BOY.

CHARLIE CHASE

IS A WRITER AND A DIRECTOR - HE PLAYS 15 MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Jackie cooper

IS AN EXPERT CAMERA-MAN -- HAVING PICKED UP KNOWLEDGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE CAMERA-MEN WHO WERE SHOOTING HIS PICTURES. SOME DAY HE HOPES TO BE ONE

Captain Quick

ILLUSTRATOR — JVEN ELVÉN

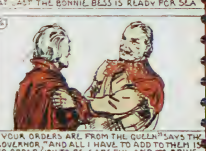
AFTER BEING KNIGHTED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AND ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE TO MARJORIE, SIR KENDAL QUICK AND HIS SHIP ARE DISPATCHED TO THE SPANISH MAIN TO PREY UPON SPANISH SHIPPING ALONG WITH SUCH FAMOUS PIRATES AS SIR HENRY MORGAN AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

QUICK'S VESSEL, THE BONNIE BESS, IS BEING REFITTED AND PROVISIONED FOR SEA AT BRITISH PORT ROYAL IN JAMAICA.

SIR KENDAL SPENDS THE DAY STUDYING MAPS AND CHARTS OF THE CARIBBEAN.

AT LAST THE BONNIE BESS IS READY FOR SEA

QUICK CONCLUDES THE FORMALITY OF REPORTING TO THE GOVERNOR AND ASKING FOR ORDERS.



"YOUR ORDERS ARE FROM THE QUEEN" SAYS THE GOVERNOR. "AND ALL I HAVE TO ADD TO THEM IS TO ORDER YOU TO BE CAREFUL, AND TO BRING BACK MUCH SPANISH GOLD!"

SO, WITH A FAVORABLE WIND AND A LIGHT HEART BEHIND HER, THE GALLANT LITTLE PRIVATEER VESSEL SLIPS OUT OF THE HARBOR OF PORT ROYAL.

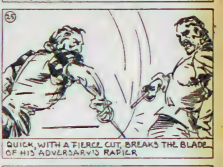
HIS OFFICERS. "OR SHALL WE RAID THE SPANISH PORTS?"
"LET US MAKE NO IRON RULES, CAPTAIN," SAYS A
BUT FOR MANY DAYS FORTUNE OFFERS NOTHING IN THE WAY OF AN ENEMY AND BOOTY
THE MEN BECOME RESTIVE AT THE LACK OF ACTION. THEY LOLL ABOUT LAZILY ON THE DECKS
GRIER, SIR KENDAL'S CHIEF OFFICER, A VAIN AND GREEDY MAN, NURSES HIS HATRED OF HIS CAPTAIN
"SHOULD YOU BE CAPTAIN — YOU WHO CANNOT
THAT YOU ARE BETTER FITTED TO BE CAPTAIN THAN I?"
"ONE MOMENT, MY FINE BRAGGART!" HE SAYS

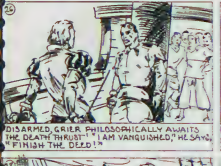
16
"MEN!" CRIES SIR KENDAL, LIEUTENANT GRIER HAS QUESTIONED MY RIGHT TO BE CAPTAIN. I ORDER ALL OF YOU TO GIVE HIM LOYALTY AS DUE YOUR CAPTAIN IF HE IS ABLE TO VANQUISH ME WITH THE RAPIER!
17
THEN, TURNING TO HIS ADVERSARY, HE CRIES, "EN GARDE!"
18
THEIR FEET DANCING NIMBLY OVER THE DECK, THE TWO DUELLISTS PARRY AND LUNGE, LUNGE AND PARRY.
19
THE SAILORS WATCH IN BREATHLESS INTEREST, MOST OF THEM CHEERING ON THEIR CAPTAIN, A FEW MALCONTENTS SHOUTING ENCOURAGEMENT TO GRIER.
20
A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS PASS BY GRIER FORCES QUICK BACKWARD ... AND A LOOSE ROPE LIES BENEATH HIS FOOT!
21
SIR KENDAL TOPPLES TO THE DECK—HELPLESS! IS THIS THE LAST CHAPTER IN HIS BRAVE AND ADVENTUROUS LIFE?

GRIER LUNGES TRIUMPHANTLY, BUT SIR KENDAL ROLLS AGILELY FROM UNDER THE BLADE.

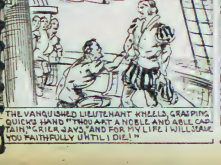
IN THE WINK OF AN EYE THE athletic QUICK RE-GAINS HIS FEET

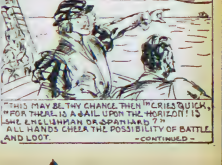
THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS; SIR KENDAL CROWDS GRIER CLOSELY.


QUICK, WITH A FIERCE CUT, BREAKS THE BLADE OF HIS ADVERSARY'S RAPIER


DISARMED, GRIER PHILOSOPHICALLY AWAITS THE DEATH THRUST "I AM VANQUISHED," HE SAYS, "FINISH THE DEED!"

"I WILL NOT KILL THEE," SAYS QUICK, "FOR THOUGH THOU SHOULD BE HANGED FOR THY MUTINY, MEN AS BRAVE AS THOU ARE, PCW!"

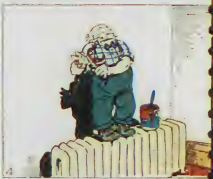

THE VANQUISHED LIEUTENANT KNEELS, GRASPING QUICK'S HAND "THOU ART A NOBLE AND ABLE CAPTAIN," GRIER SAYS, "AND FOR MY LIFE I WILL SERVE YOU FAITHFULLY UNTIL I DIE!"


"THIS MAY BE THY CHANCE, THEN!" CRIES QUICK, "FOR THERE IS A SAIL UPON THE HORIZON! IS IT AN ENGLISHMAN OR A DANIARD?" ALL HANDS CHEER THE POSSIBILITY OF BATTLE AND LOOT.
- CONTINUED -

HYDI HYDI

GOLLY! I PAINTED MYSELF INTO THE CORNER!

BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



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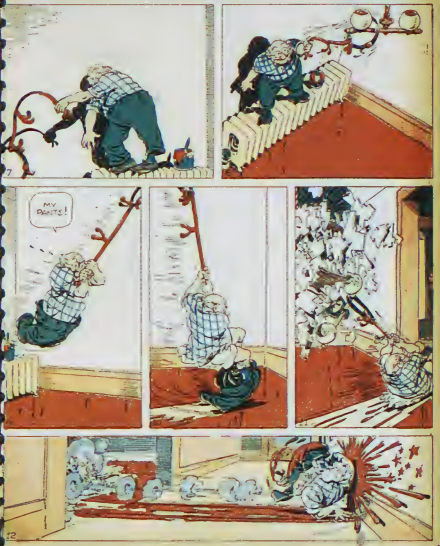
I'M AN OLD CONY HAND AT

A MAN OF ACTION

BUT OF FEW WORDS – by LEO E. O'MEALIA



ABOU BEN ADHEM

by

Leigh Hunt

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

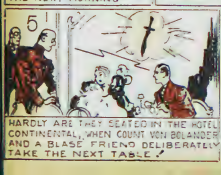
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhems name led all the rest.

HENRY SULLKIEFER

THE MONASTERY OF THE BLUE GOD

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON
SKETCHES - PAD-

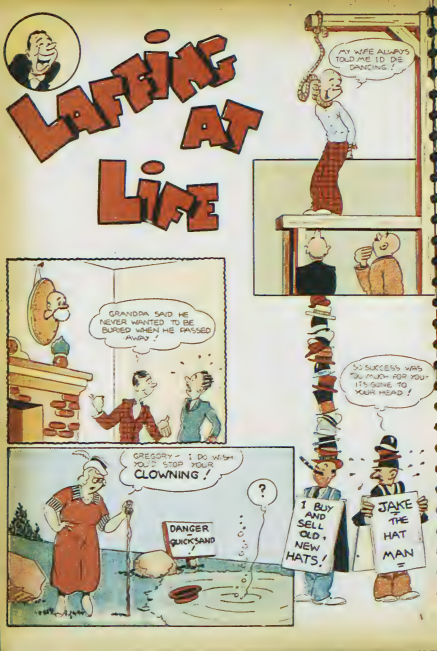
WELL, ROOMMATE, I AM TO RETURN TO THE STATES ON THE NEXT TRANSPORT.
THE WORLD WAR IS OVER- IN PARIS, CAPTAIN DOUGLAS STEWART FALLS IN LOVE WITH BARONESS ELSA VON SAXENBERG. HER FRIEND COUNT VON BOLANDER IS HOSTILE TO STEWART.
WHY, THAT'S THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!
1


5
HARDLY ARE THEY SEATED IN THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL, WHEN COUNT VON BOLANDER AND A BLASE FRIEND DELIBERATELY TAKE THE NEXT TABLE.

7
WELL! YOU ARE, A CAVE MAN!
BUT YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I'VE EVER WANTED TO DRAG AWAY!
IN THE TAXI, ELSA GAZES AT HIM HALF LAUGHING!
HERE YOU STAY- UNTIL YOU PROMISE TO MARRY ME!
8
OH! IMPOSSIBLE - I CANNOT LEAVE SWEDEN AND ALL I HOLD DEAR! I HAVE STANDING THERE AS YOU HAVE IN AMERICA!
HE TAKES HER HIGH UP IN THE EIFFEL TOWER AND PROPOSES!
9
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
VISUALIZING HIS "STANDING" IN AMERICA STEWART GRINS-THEN SOBERLY EXPLAINS TO ELSA -
WELL! WE ARE ACTUALLY AT A HOTEL WITHOUT THOSE THREE PESTS!
WHY WORRY ABOUT PESTS? YOU SEEM ABLE TO COPE WITH THEM!
AND NOW, I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT MY SAPPHIRE!
10
LATER, AT THE PAON ROYALE
WRITTEN IN BLOOD!
11
MY FATHER, AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, PERISHED IN MONGOLIA BY THE BLUE GOD! LAST YEAR A MONGOLIAN BROUGHT ME THIS SAPPHIRE AND CYLINDER OF SILK — — I'LL TRANSLATE FATHER'S MESSAGE!
OPENING HER BROOCH, ELSA EXTRACTS A CYLINDER OF SILK. ON IT-IN SWEDISH-A PECULIAR MESSAGE!
THE MESSAGE!
I WRITE THIS IN THE SHADOW OF THE BLUE GOD! BEFORE THEY COME FOR ME! THIS SAPPHIRE IS ONE OF THOUSANDS WEST OF THE BORSON WELL. - WHERE THE TIP OF THE SKULL FALLS AT EVENING - BEWARE OF THE BLUE GOD! THEY COME FOR ME - GOOD BYE
WHILE, UNKNOWN TO THEM,
A SHADOWY FIGURE LURKS NEAR

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME ONE!
12
STEWART GLANCES AROUND - NO ONE IS THERE!
13
WELL, IF WE CAN BELIEVE THAT MESSAGE THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE THERE-IN SAPPHIRES!
BUT IT SEEMS TOO FANTASTIC - AND YET MY FATHER WAS NOT AN IMAGINATIVE MAN!
IN HIS EXCITEMENT STEWART HALF RISES FROM HIS CHAIR!
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING TO MONGOLIA! I'M GOING TO FIND THAT TREASURE!
14
BUT THE BLUE GOD! YOU MIGHT PERISH!
15
IT WILL BE A GLORIOUS GAMBLE WITH YOU AS THE STAKE!
THE GYPSY ORCHESTRA NOW WEAVES ITS SPELL AND STEWART LEADS ELSA THROUGH A GRACEFUL TANGO!
MADAME DROPPED THIS?
16
AS THEY RETURN TO THEIR TABLE A WAITER SUDDENLY APPEARS WITH ELSA'S BROOCH!
17
THE SILK CYLINDER WITH THE MESSAGE IS GONE!
GONE? ARE YOU SURE?
ELSA EXAMINES THE BROOCH!

DID YOU FIND THIS BROOCH?
NO, SIR! A TALL GENTLEMAN GAVE IT TO ME - THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN WITH HIM - ME HAD A BIG SCAR ON HIS FACE!
18
WHO IS THIS VON BOLANDER?
HE IS NOTORIOUSLY DISSOLUTE! AND HAS RUN THROUGH A FORTUNE! BESIDES, I AM SURE HE IS IN SYMPATHY WITH THE BOLSHEVIKI!
19
STEWART RECALLS THE WAITER!
SUSPECTING VON BOLANDER STEWART QUESTIONS ELSA ABOUT HIM—
SO! HE HAS RUN THROUGH A FORTUNE! POSSIBLY HE IS INTERESTED IN FAKING ANOTHER-IN SAPPHIRES!
20
AFTER ESCORTING ELSA HOME, HE STROLLS THOUGHTFULLY TOWARD HIS OWN APARTMENT.
HA! HA!!
21
SUDDENLY HE STARES-TRANSFIXED! OPPOSITE, VON BOLANDER AND A SCAR-FACED MAN ARE ENTERING THE HOTEL CLARIDGE!
CERTAINLY! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!
22
MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?
STEWART FOLLOWS THEM IN-
AND NOW, YOU WILL PLEASE HAND OVER THE SILK CYLINDER YOU STOLE FROM THE BROOCH!
SIR! YOU ARE IMPUDENT! I KNOW NOTHING OF A SILK CYLINDER!
23
VON BOLANDER APPEARS-AND EYES STEWART HAUGHTILY!!!
YOU LIE! HAND OVER THAT CYLINDER OR I'LL CALL THE GENDARMES AND HAVE YOU SEARCHED!
WHY YOU— YOU—!
24
TO BE CONTINUED


LAFFING AT LIFE
MY WIFE ALWAYS TOLD ME I'D DIE DANCING!
GRANDPA SAID HE NEVER WANTED TO BE BURIED WHEN HE PASSED AWAY!
SO SUCCESS WAS TOO MUCH FOR YOU! IT'S GONE TO YOUR HEAD!
GREGORY - I DO WISH YOU'D STOP YOUR CLOWNING!
?
DANGER QUICKSAND
I BUY AND SELL OLD, NEW HATS!
JAKE THE HAT MAN

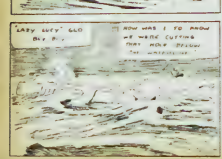
HEY - JOE - WHAT DO I DO NOW ? I MUST HAVE PULLED THE WRONG CORD !
THAT'S NO MIRAGE ! THAT'S MY WIFE !!
I HAD MY FACE LIFTED BY A PLASTIC SURGEON BUT I FORGOT TO TELL HIM WHEN TO STOP !
I'M SORRY - CHIEF - BUT IT WAS A QUESTION OF EITHER YOU OR ME !
LISTEN - MUGG - WANT YOU EVER LEARN HOW TO PUMP SO HARD ??

HARDLUCK HARRY

WILLIAM CARNEY

SYNOPSIS

HARRY IS STRANDED ABOARD THE "LAZY LUCY" — HE STRIKES UP A FRIENDSHIP WITH CHOW, THE COOK, AND ALSO HAS BEEN LOVED BY SUSAN, THE MAID ON AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE UNSCATHED, THEY SAY AGAIN — BY A NIGHT RAID WE NOW FIND THEM —

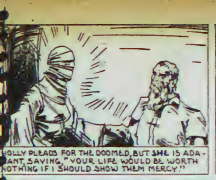


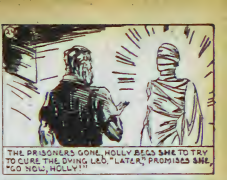
CAME THE DAWN
CHOW!
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
SEEMS PRETTY LONELY
COME ON
GOT TO FIND
THING TO EAT.
HEY!
THIS ISN'T THE FOOTBALL SEASON — IS IT?
NO — THE OTHER KID'S GOT A COPY OF MORE FUN MAGAZINE!

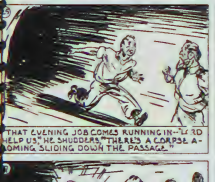
SHE
by H. RIDER HAGGARD
ILLUSTRATED ZVEN ELVEN
SHE SEEING THE SCARAB RING ON HOLLY'S FINGER AND RECOGNIZING IT AS THE ONE BELONGING TO HER ANCIENT LOVER, KALLIKRATES, WHOM SHE HAD SLAIN IN A CONSUMING RAGE OF JEALOUSY, FIERCELY COMMANDS HOLLY TO TELL HOW HE GAINED POSSESSION OF IT.
ALMOST OVERCOME BY HER PARALYZING POWER, HOLLY STAMMERS: "I FOUND IT" FOR IN TRUTH HE COULD REMEMBER NOTHING ELSE.
"GO THEN," SAYS SHE IN A GENTLER MOOD AND TRY TO FORGET WHAT THOU HAST SEEN!"
AS HOLLY GOES, SHE DROPS UPON THE CUSHIONS AND WEEPS DESPAIRINGLY THINKING OF HER TRUE LOVE, WHOM SHE AWAITS TO BE REBORN.
HOLLY VISITS LEO AND IS DISMAYED TO FIND HIM STILL DELIRIOUS WITH THE FEVER.
LATER, IN HIS OWN CHAMBER HOLLY DISCOVERS A DEEP CREVICE IN THE ROCK WALL. ALARMED HE DETERMINES TO FIND OUT WHERE IT LEADS.
TAKING HIS LAMP, AND SQUEEZING THROUGH THE LITTLE OPENING HE COMES UPON A STONE STAIR WA

HARD DRAUGHT BLOWS OUT HIS LAMP, LEAV
IN TOTAL DARKNESS
LOST AND BEWILDERED, HE THINKS HE SEES THE
AINT GLIMMER OF A LIGHT FAR
SOME HANGINGS HE SEES THE FIGURE OF A WO-
MAN KNEELING BEFORE A FIRE
WOMAN
IT IS SHE!
CURSE AFTER CURSE UPON HER ANCIENT RIVAL
TWO THOUSAND YEARS HAVE I AWAITED YOUR
RETURN, OH, MY KALLIKRATES, MY LOVE"
FRIGHTENED, HOLLY CREEPS BACK TO HIS CAVE.
COULD THE STORY ON THE POTSHERD BE TRUE
AFTER ALL?
COULD LEO BE THE REINCARNATED KALLIKRATES?

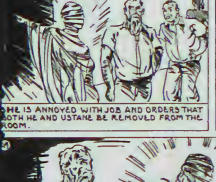
17
THE READER WILL REMEMBER THE BOX THAT WAS LEFT LEO BY HIS ANCESTORS, CONTAINING THE SCARAB, WHICH LEO HAD SET INTO A RING, SOME STRANGE MANUSCRIPTS AND THE POTSHERD WITH THE COMMAND TO FIND THE MYSTERIOUS SHE AND AVENGE ARMENARTAS, WHOSE HUSBAND KALIKRATES, SHE HAD SLAIN IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY
18
IN THE MORNING, HOLLY ASKS JOB HOW LEO IS "MUCH THE SAME, SIR," HE REPLIES SADLY.
19
HOLLY GOES TO LEO'S QUARTERS WHERE HE FINDS USTANE IN TEARS. "THERE IS LITTLE HOPE FOR POOR LEO," SHE SOBS
20
BILLALI ENTERS AND AFTER LOOKING AT LEO HE SHAKES HIS HEAD SADLY, SAYING, "HE WILL DIE BY NIGHTFALL." HOLLY IS HEART BROKEN
21
SHE HAS COMMANDED HOLLY TO APPEAR IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE. WITH BILLALI HE HURRIES THERE.
22
SHE SITS IN JUDGEMENT, METING OUT A TERRIBLE PENALTY FOR THOSE WHO DARED TO DISOBEY HER. BY ATTACKING HOLLY AND HIS COMPANIONS

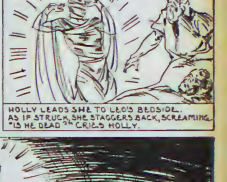

OLLY PLEADS FOR THE DOOMED, BUT SHE IS ADA-
BANT, SAYING, "YOUR LIFE WOULD BE WORTH
OTHING IF I SHOULD SHOW THEM MERCY."


THE PRISONERS GONE, HOLLY BEGS SHE TO TRY
TO CURE THE DYING LEO. "LATER," PROMISES SHE.
"GO NOW, HOLLY!"


THAT EVENING JOB COMES RUNNING IN—"U
HELP US!" HE SHUDDERS. "THERE'S A CORPSE A-
OMING, SLIDING DOWN THE PASSAGE."

AS SHE APPEARS IN THE ENTRANCE, JOB SPRINGS
ASIDE, HOWLING, "HERE IT COMES!"

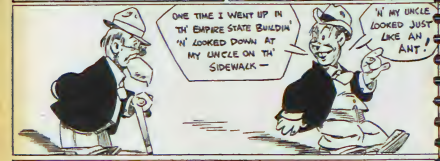

SHE IS ANNOYED WITH JOB AND ORDERS THAT
OTH HE AND USTANE BE REMOVED FROM THE
ROOM.

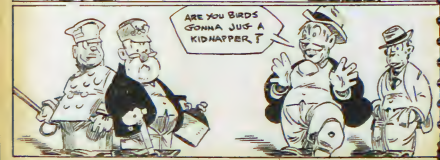

HOLLY LEADS SHE TO LEO'S BEDSIDE.
AS IF STRUCK, SHE STAGGERS BACK, SCREAMING.
"IS HE DEAD?" CRIES HOLLY.

OH, MY KALLIKRATES!" CRIES SHE. "THOU HAST COME BACK TO ME AT LAST! OH, MY KALLIKRATES!
MY KALLIKRATES!"
NEXT MONTH: MORE WEIRD HAPPENINGS!

OL' OZ BOPP

BY ALGER

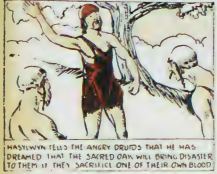




AH! TWINS! WHADDAYUH CALL 'EM -
-PETE AND REPEAT ?
IRELAND'LL SOON BE TH' RICHEST COUNTRY IN TH' WORLD
IT'S CAPITAL'S DUBLIN EVERY DAY !
IF A BURGLAR GOT INTO TH' CELLAR, WOULD TH' COAL CHUTE ?
I DUNNO 'BOUT THAT —
BUT IF A SMART ALECK CAME DOWN TH' STREET,
I MIGHT TICKLE HIM WITH THIS FORK !!
BE REASONABLE, OZ !

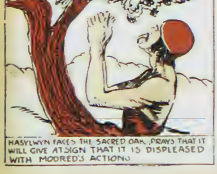
The VIKINGS by ANTHONY

MODRED NOW HIGH PRIEST OF THE DRUIDS SINCE HASVLWYN HAS BEEN DEPOSED IS ABOUT TO SET FIRE TO SUNDGRID SUDDENLY HASVLWYN APPEARS HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE CAVE WITH ELSA'S HELP HE DASHES THE TORCH FROM MODRED'S HAND —



HASVLWYN TELLS THE ANGRY DRUIDS THAT HE HAS DREAMED THAT THE SACRED OAK WILL BRING DISASTER TO THEM IF THEY SACRIFICE ONE OF THEIR OWN BLOOD

MODRED TELLS DRUIDS THAT HASVLWYN IS DECEIVING THEM AND ASKS HASVLWYN FOR SOME PROOF TO SHOW THAT HE HAS HAD A SIGN FROM THE SACRED OAK



HASVLWYN FACES THE SACRED OAK, PRAYS THAT IT WILL GIVE A SIGN THAT IT IS DISPLEASED WITH MODRED'S ACTIONS

AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS PRAYER AN ARROW COMES FLYING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE OAK AND STRIKES MODRED...

THE TERRIFIED DRUIDS TAKE THIS AS A SIGN THAT THE SACRED OAK IS DISPLEASED WITH THEM AND FLEE IN TO THE WOODS

BUT IT IS IVAR WHO HAS SHOT THE ARROW. WHEN THE DRUIDS HAVE GONE HE AND HIS COMRADES HASTEN TO FETE SUNGRID

IVAR'S LITTLE BAND HASTENS BACK TO THE SHIP, TAKING SUNGRID, HASTLWYN AND ELSA WITH THEM.

REACHING THE SHORE THEY DISCOVER THE VIKING SHIP FAR OUT TO SEA FEARING THAT THEY HAVE BEEN DESERTED, IVAR AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE HOPELESS

MEANWHILE MODRED RECALLS THE DRUIDS AND REASSURES THEM BY TELLING THEM THAT IT WAS IVAR WHO SHOT THE ARROW.

THE DRUIDS SWEAR REVENGE AND A LARGE WAR PARTY SETS OUT AFTER IVAR AND HIS FRIENDS.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB

OUR friendly Club is growing by leaps and bounds, with new members coming in from all parts of the United States and many fine letters showing us that you quite agree with our spirit of good neighborliness and our aim of world friendship.

With so many people in the world being extremely un-friendly, it is up to every one of us not only to double, but triple, our natural kindliness so that there will be more than enough of this great Good to go around. Actually, there isn't a single person in the world who 'way down deep inside hasn't a warm spark of kind friendliness. It's just that, somehow or other, those sparks have a way of becoming covered over, sometimes, with layers and layers of ashes so that you'd never dream that any warmth could be hidden there.

Well, we aren't ever going to uncover those little flames of hidden warmth and kindliness if we, ourselves, are busy covering up our own. So let's be especially genial and friendly to everyone for that's what makes other people genial and friendly to us. Always remember that no matter how busy or pre-occupied you may be, there is always time, and a need, for smiles and genuine good neighborliness.

We've told you that our club aim is to promote a neighborly spirit between all nations of the world, and the very first step in that direction is to establish friendliness between each and every one of you, for individual friendlines will always be the beginning of all international friendliness.

Good Neighbor Club applications are still coming in, fast and furiously, and we hope that by now you all are receiving your club buttons and certificates on time. The delay at first was because we were trying to think of a design for these club buttons that would be truly appropriate for our club. Until we had decided this properly the certificates had to be held up, too, for the same design had to be printed on them.

Don't forget that counting from the 20th Good Neighbor Club Member on, there will be a free 96-page book of our comics waiting to come to every tenth member, as long as they last. YOUR membership number will be found on your certificate. Fill out the coupon and mail it in today, for you may be one of the lucky number members.

Last month we told you about a few games played in different countries and here's one that comes all the way from Persia. It's called Cumnalwer and is most exciting, needing plenty of outdoor space for the playing of it.

A stick is placed on the ground and all around it, in a tight circle, stand the guardians. Just outside is a larger circle of players whose aim is to get possession of that stick and the way they do it is by lessening the number of inner circle guardians until not one remains.

Anyone in the outer ring may, if he can, run around one, two, or three members of the inner ring at a time and must then race back to his place in the outer circle. Anyone thus circled is out. But, if players in the outer circle are tapped by those of the inner circle—and remember, this tapping must be done with the palm of the hand—then, they, too, are out. You'll have to be pretty agile to circle even one member of the guardian circle group without letting him reach out to touch you.

One member of the guardians is appointed chief guardian of the stick and stands right by it, all the time. Usually the inner circle is broken up first and the stick captured at which time the outer circle players then become guardians and the game begins over again.

Write in and tell us about the games of different countries that you know. You see, the more we know of the work-and-play-lives of people the world over, the more friendly our feeling will be toward them.

Beginning alphabetically, we're going to tell you the story of the flags of different countries, and the first one we come to is Albania.

Albania is one of the little Balkan countries. It borders on the Adriatic Sea and on the Straight of Otranto which separates it from the heel-like portion of the foot of the peninsula that is Italy. The capital of Albania is Tirone. Albania is a very old, picturesque country and

its chief occupation, still, is agriculture or farming.

The Albanian flag has an interesting story. It is a solid, deep crimson in color with a black double-headed eagle centered on it. The double-headed eagle was the crest of Scanderberg, the great 15th century Albanian patriot. Scanderberg chose this emblem because of an ancient tradition that Albanians were the descendants of the eagle. The Albanian name for all Albanians is Shgipetar (sometimes, Skipetar, or Shgyptar) which really means "descendants of the eagle."

The royal flag is similar to the national one except that it has a representation of Scanderberg's crown in gold directly above the eagle. The real Scanderberg's crown is now in a museum in Vienna.

Next on the alphabetical list of countries comes Argentina, which is an extremely large republic that takes up most of the long tapering part of South America. Argentina took its name as a synonym from the silver river, the La Plata, which is fed by several large rivers that rise within the Argentine country.

The capital of Argentina is Beunos Aires, one of the principal seaports of the world. The Plaza Congreso, in this city, is a tremendous oblong square extending almost five blocks, full of beautiful fountains, flowers, and statues. The very blue sky overhead and the hot golden sunlight on the white domed and spired buildings surrounding the square makes a most impressive picture.

Argentina was annexed by Spain in 1516, but in 1816 this rich country obtained its independence and is now one of the finest of South American republics.

The merchant flag is an extremely ornamental horizontal tri-color of light blue, white, and light blue, while the ensign adds a gold ray-edged sun on the white stripe. The blue of the flag matches the Argentine sky while the golden sun is symbolic of the warmth that comes, too, from the heavens, making the country rich and fertile.

The next country on our list is Austria, which you'll have no difficulty locating on your map of Europe. It's just south of Germany and Czechoslovakia, and north of Italy. The capital is Vienna, or Wien as it is called by native Austrians, and a more genuinely loved city would be hard to imagine. It is on of the special cities to see and enjoy in Europe, spreading as it does right along the shores of the beautiful blue Danube River. When we think of Vienna our minds run instantly to the gay, lilting, characteristic Viennese music and the never-to-be-forgotten Strauss waltzes. The Danube River runs along through many European countries, however, for it is all of 1,725 miles long.

The Austrian flag is a horizontal tri-color of crimson, white and crimson. This banner was flown ages ago by Leopold Heldentheim, the great Hapsburg Duke who helped to found the power of Austria 'way back in the 12th century. One of his exploits was the capture of Richard Coeuer-de-lion, when the latter was on his way home from the Holy Land, and you can imagine the stir this must have made at the time, for Richard the Lion-hearted was a pretty famous person to be capturing.

The crimson of the flag sometimes varies a great deal, ranging from a very bright red to the official crimson which is a richer and deeper shade.

We know that our club membership has not as yet reached these three countries, actually, but do let's hear from any of you in the United States who have either visited them or are descendants of Albanians, Argentinians, or Austrians. Also, will members numbers 2, 1[illegible], and 2[illegible] please write letters telling us about themselves and how they plan to be true Good Neighbors?

And please don't forget that in order to have a Good Neighbor Pen Pal you must be a member of the club. If you aren't already one, be sure to join, today!

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

International Good Neighbor Club

Secretary, International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB, NEW COMICS Magazine, 432 Fourth Ave., New York City

Dear Sir:—

Please enroll me as a member of the International GOOD NEIGHBOR CLUB. I enclose 10c to cover mailing charge for my Button and Membership Certificate, and promise to abide by the Club's rule:

To do everything in my power to firmly establish friendly relations between my country and the other countries of the world.

Name .... Age ......

Nationality ....

Street ....

Town ....

THE GOLDEN DRAGON
BY TOM HICKEY
IT STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THE LAMPS BECAME LIT. ITS PHENOMENAL!
COME ON JAN. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WAIT A MINUTE. THERE'S SOMETHING TRICKY ABOUT THIS PLACE AND THERE'S SOMEBODY HIDING IN HERE.
ABSOLUTELY NO LUCK, SO FAR.
AFTER TEN MINUTES HE GAVE UP, UNABLE TO FIND A TRACE OF AN ENTRANCE THAT WOULD ADMIT SO MUCH AS A MOUSE.
FOR THE TENTH AND LAST TIME LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT DINNER IS NOW BEING SERVED IN THE
ROOM.
THIS DREARY MONASTERY HAS EVEN RUINED MY APPETITE.
LOOK AT KENGO. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE

IAN, RESTLESS AND NONE TO CONFIDENT IN HIS MIND OF THE SECURITY OF THE PLACE, WENT OUT AND CIRCLED THE COURTYARD COMING AT LAST TO THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE AGAIN.
THIS PLACE SEEMS TO FASCINATE ME.
7
HEARING SOME ONE BEHIND HIM HE WHIRLED BUT IT WAS ONLY DORIS, ASTONISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL IN THE GLARE OF THE FLASHLIGHT.
I DON'T THINK IT'S SAFE FOR YOU TO GO AROUND THIS AWFUL PLACE ALL BY YOURSELF.
8
THAT'S SWELL OF — HEY! LOOK AT THIS. THE BUTTER IN THESE BUTTER LAMPS WAS ALMOST GONE WHEN WE WERE HERE BEFORE NOW THEY'RE FULL WITH A FRESH SUPPLY OF MELTED BUTTER!
9
GREATLY PERPLEXED IAN DECIDED TO GO DOWN TO THE GATE TO SEE HOW MATTERS FARED THERE.
SANDY CAMPBELL AND COCKERILL WERE CRANING FORWARD AS HE ENTERED THE LOW-CEILED ROOM, PEERING FROM THE LOOPHOLES.
WHAT'S UP?
SHH!
IAN PEERED OUT INTO THE BLACKNESS BUT COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING. BUT HE SEEMED TO HEAR THE SOUND OF MANY MEN AND ANIMALS MOVING IN THE DARKNESS.
IT MAY BE NOTHING BUT WILD DOGS.
AT THAT MOMENT THERE CAME THE SLOW POWERFUL BLARE OF TRUMPETS. IT SEEMED TO COME FROM FAR OUT ON THE PLAIN. THE SOUND ROSE AND FELL, SWITCHED DIRECTION, THEN DIED ON THE WIND

WHAT THE HECK IS GOING TO POP NEXT ?
I'M ABOUT READY FOR A STRAIGHTJACKET.
YOU'VE GOT ME.
14
THEN ANOTHER SOUND STARTLED THEM, THE SCREAMING BUBBLING CONFIDENT OF A CAMEL IT CAME FROM A POINT SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE GATE.
THERE'S SOME OIL OUT THERE.
15
HO YOU WITHIN THERE, I BEAR A MESSAGE TO PANCHO LOU.
WHO ARE YOU ?
I BEAR A MESSAGE TO PANCHO LOU, AND FOR HIM ALONE.
16
17
YOU TWO COVER HIM AND TAKE CARE A HE DOESN'T RUSH WITH HIM AND I'LL LET HIM IN.
18
IAN THEN HURRIED DOWN THE SIDE TO THE GATE WHICH HE UNBARRED AND OPENED, HIS PISTOL HELD IN READINESS.
ALL RIGHT COME ON.
19

THE CAMEL STEPPED SLOWLY THRU THE GATEWAY HALTED, CAME TO ITS KNEES, AND THE STRANGER DISMOUNTED.
26
HE WAS IMMENSELY FAT BUT HE CARRIED HIMSELF WITH AN AIR OF AUTHORITY.
31
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH FAH CHI-LOU?
MY MESSAGE IS FOR HIS EARS ALONE.
23
O.K. HAVE IT YOUR WAY. I THOUGHT I SAW HIM GO IN THE TEMPLE BUT I'LL LOOK.
LEAD THE WAY. I'LL FOLLOW.
27
WHEN THEY SEARCHED THE TEMPLE THEY FOUND THE LAMPS AND JEERS EXTINGUISHED AND THE PLACE WAS DARKENED.
WELL, HE'S NOT HERE.
AND THOSE LAMPS—
24
THOUGH WITH JEERY AND WALKER THEY SEARCHED THE OLD MONASTERY COMPLETELY, BUT FAH CHI-LOU HAD DISAPPEARED AS COMPLETELY AS THOUGH THE EARTH HAD SWALLOWED HIM UP.
I WAS IN A PLACE LIKE THIS ONCE, BEFORE THIS, AT CONEY ISLAND AND THEY CALLED IT A FUNNY HOUSE.
28
CONTINUED

Don Coyote

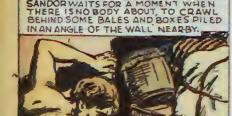
SO, THOU WOULDS'T GET TOUGH, EH!
THERE, STAY IN THERE TILL YE COOL OFF!
WHERE ARE THOSE GALLEY SLAVES?
AND HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO SELL THEM FOR?
VERILY!
YOU SAID IT!
SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!
THEY ARE IN THE BRIG, CAPTAIN!

ROBUST SPECIMENS AND THEY'RE CRAVING EXERCISE
WHY DID YOU SHOOT THE CAPTAIN ?
I-I I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED !
TO BE CONTINUED

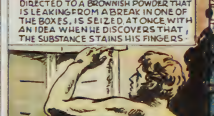
SANDOR
AND THE LOST CIVILIZATION

THWARTED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO LEAVE THE PALACE COURTYARD BY THE CLOSING OF THE GATES, SANDOR CROUCHES BEHIND THE BUSHES AND VINES LINING PART OF THE WALL. THE ALARM BELL IS STILL WILDLY RINGING AND GUARDS ARE RUNNING BACK AND FORTH FROM THE PALACE - TWICE, SANDOR NARROWLY ESCAPES DISCOVERY BY FLATTENING HIS LITHE BODY AGAINST THE WALL, AS A GUARD THRUSTS HIS SPEAR INTO THE FOLIAGE.

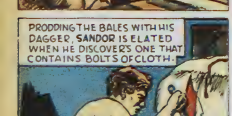
DESIRING TO OBTAIN A SAFER HIDE OUT, SANDOR WAITS FOR A MOMENT WHEN THERE IS NO BODY ABOUT, TO CRAWL BEHIND SOME BALES AND BOXES PILED IN AN ANGLE OF THE WALL NEARBY.



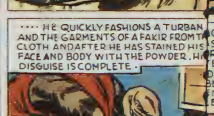
···· SUDDENLY HIS ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A BROWNISH POWDER THAT IS LEAKING FROM A BREAK IN ONE OF THE BOXES, IS SEIZED AT ONCE WITH AN IDEA WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT THE SUBSTANCE STAINS HIS FINGERS

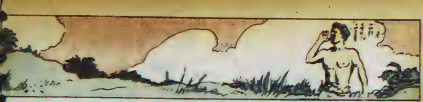


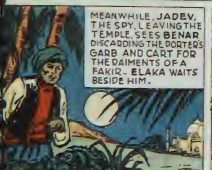
PRODDING THE BALES WITH HIS DAGGER, SANDOR IS ELATED WHEN HE DISCOVERS ONE THAT CONTAINS BOLTS OF CLOTH.



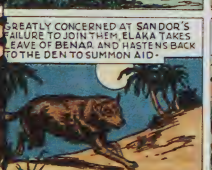
···· HE QUICKLY FASHIONS A TURBAN AND THE GARMENTS OF A FAKIR FROM THE CLOTH AND AFTER HE HAS STAINED HIS FACE AND BODY WITH THE POWDER, HIS DISGUISE IS COMPLETE.

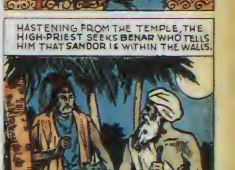





MEANWHILE, JADEV, THE SPY, LEAVING THE TEMPLE, SEES BENAR DISCARDING THE PORTERS GARB AND CART FOR THE RAIMENTS OF A FAKIR. ELAKA WAITS BESIDE HIM.

HASTENING BACK TO THE TEMPLE, JADEV REPORTS TO THE HIGH-PRIEST CONCERNING BENAR AND ELAKA.


GREATLY CONCERNED AT SANDOR'S FAILURE TO JOIN THEM, ELAKA TAKES LEAVE OF BENAR, AND HASTENS BACK TO THE DEN TO SUMMON AID.


HASTENING FROM THE TEMPLE, THE HIGH-PRIEST SEEKS BENAR WHO TELLS HIM THAT SANDOR IS WITHIN THE WALLS.

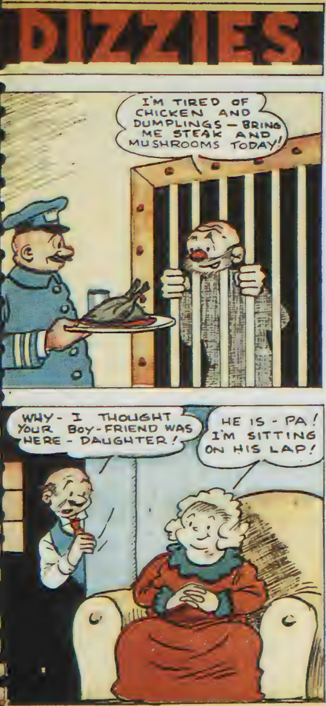
LOSING AS LITTLE TIME AS POSSIBLE, THE HIGH-PRIEST RETURNS TO THE TEMPLE ---
OPENING A DOOR, HIDDEN BEHIND A CURTAIN, HE ENTERS THE SECRET TUNNEL LEADING TO THE PALACE.

I MAY BE TOO LATE. THE ALARM BELL HAS STOPPED RINGING!

A MOMENT AFTER SANDOR HAS COMPLETED HIS DISGUISE, A GUARD ROUTS HIM FROM HIS HIDE-OUT WITHOUT DISCOVERING HIS IDENTITY-
BECAUSE OF HIS DISGUISE SANDOR HAS NO DIFFICULTY IN GETTING CLOSE TO THE SENTINEL STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR LEADING TO THE SECRET PASSAGE-WAY.
LIKE A LION STALKING HIS PREY, SANDOR NOISELESSLY CREEPS UP TO THE SENTINEL— THEN, WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT OF HIS ARMS, HE WHIRLS HIS FOE AROUND AND GRASPS HIS THROAT WITH FINGERS OF STEEL!
DRAGGING THE LIMP FORM OF THE SENTINEL INSIDE THE PASSAGE-WAY, HE THRUSTS A GAG BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND BINDS HIS ARMS AND LEGS-
HIS FACE AND BODY DRIPPING WITH PERSPIRATION, SO THAT THE BROWN POWDER HAS WASHED OFF AND STAINED HIS GARMENTS, SANDOR UNRAPS HIS TURBAN AND DISCARDS THE REST OF HIS DISGUISE···
GLIDING ALONG THE PASSAGE-WAY, HE STARTS TO DESCEND A SHORT FLIGHT OF STAIRS, WHEN HE HALTS ABRUPTLY, AS HE HEARS FOOT STEPS BELOW-

MEANWHILE, THE RAJAH DECREES THAT SANDOR SHALL BE THROWN INTO THE CROCODILE TANK WHEN CAPTURED.
WHEN THE HIGH-PRIEST HEARS OF THE ORDER ISSUED BY THE RAJAH, HE URGES HIS FOLLOWERS TO REDOUBLE THEIR EFFORTS TO FIND SANDOR ••
FROM HIS POSITION ON THE STAIRWAY, SANDOR WATCHES AS A ROBED FIGURE CARRYING A SMALL CHEST, COMES THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND STOPS AT A LOW ARCHED DOORWAY.
FOR A MOMENT, HE GLANCES AROUND TO MAKE SURE THAT HE HAS NOT BEEN FOLLOWED, THEN, INSERTING A PONDEROUS KEY INTO THE LOCK, HE OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS •••
HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED BY THE MAN'S STRANGE ACTIONS, SANDOR DESCENDS THE STAIRS AND STEALTHILY CROSSES OVER TO THE OPPOSITE WALL •••
HE HAS JUST REACHED THE DOOR WHEN A DAGGER, HURLED WITH TERRIFIC FORCE, STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR AND BURIES ITSELF, HALF WAY TO THE HILT, IN AN OAKEN PLANK, A SCANT INCH FROM HIS HEAD!

GOOFO
the
GREAT
BY ALGER
?
I'LL KILL YOU !!
PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN AN' KEEP AWAY FM ME !
?
DO THE SCENE AGAIN! "I'LL KILL YOU!" GO AHEAD!
?
YOU!



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DETECTIVE SERGEANT CAREY of the CHINATOWN SQUAD

CRASH!
YEEOW!
SARGE!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

SLIM and TEX
by ALEX LOVY
MISS GRACE FOWLER, ATTRACTIVE DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY BANKER, IS 'HIDING OUT' FROM KIDNAP THREATS, AT THE MARLEY DUDE RANCH THE GANG OF KIDNAPERS, HAVING FOUND HER REFUGE, ARE SPEEDING THERE TO MAKE
THE SNATCH!
BACK AT THE RANCH GRACE DECIDES TO RIDE IN THE HILLS, WITH SLIM ACTING AS GUIDE ..
YES MAAM! IT SHORE IS PURTY ROUND THESE PARTS! SO NICE 'N PEACEFUL LIKE -
OH YES. I FEEL SO SAFE HERE ITS SO SECLUDED
WAL 'CN YA' IMAGINE THET? THERE'S A CAR COMIN' THRU HERE!! GUESS TH' DRIVER IS LOST
DID I SAY SECLUDED?
WE BETTER DISMOUNT BEFORE THET CAR REACHES HERE - THESE HOSSES AINT NEVER SEEN A CAR BEFORE.
HEY BOSS! DAT DAME!! SHE'S GRACE FOWLER!!!
WHAT?!! BOY- WHAT LUCK! SLOW UP THE CAR PAT, AND YOU MUGS LET ME HANDLE THIS!!
REACH!
OH!
KIDNAPPERS!

BONNY BOY! NOW I HOPE YOU'LL BE SMART ENOUGH TO BE STILL WHILE WE TIE YOU UP. PAT! TAKE HIS GUN AND SHOW THIS LOW-NATED SCRIB FANCY ROPING!!
OH, NO YOU DON'T FAY-KINE BUCKAROO!!
THIS FOR YOU FAT!!
OVER YOU GO!
OH! SO NOW IT'S GUN-PLAY!!
SWELL!!
ALRIGHT, KNOTS - UP ON YORE HIND-LEGS!
MISS FOWLER, HOLD A GUN ON THIS DOG WHILE I TIE UP THE OTHERS.

SOCK ME!! -WILLYA?!
UH!
OH! YOU BEASTS! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!!!
SHUT UP! OR YOU'LL GET TH' SAME!! — PAT! GRAB JERRY AND LET'S GET GOING!!
WHILE AT THE RANCH-HOUSE, TEX AND MR. EHTHUHSTLE, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE ASSIGNED TO PROTECT GRACE FOWLER, DISCUSS THE GANG'S THREAT—
WHAT WAS THAT?
GUNS! -AND THEY SPELL TROUBLE!!
HE'LL RIDE TO DIABLO CANYON, THEN'S WHERE SLIM AN' MISS FOWLER HEADED!!
LOOK!
SLIM!
IT'S VERY APPARENT! — SLIM FOWLER'S MISSING! — SHOT AND TIRE TRACKS-!
I KNOW THE ANSWER! SLIM RIDES BACK TO THE RANCH, AND I'LL TRAIL THE COYOTES THAT DID THIS & IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

MILE AFTER MILE, AT BREAKNECK SPEED, TEX

URGES HIS STEED AFTER THE TRAIL OF KIDNAPPERS.

FINALLY AT DUSK, HE WARILY APPROACHES A DESERTED CABIN, FLUNG HIGH IN THE HILLS.
YIPPEE! THERE'S TH' CAR, AN' THAT'S THEIR HIDE-OUT!! I WONDER HOW MANY IS IN THERE AND?

THREE! I'LL HAVE TO USE CAUTION, OR ELSE FLOWERS'LL GET HURT!!

AND IN THE CABIN, SUDDENLY....
WOT WAS THAT!
SOUNDED LIKE WOLVES!! YA'D BETTER GO 'N SEE!!
CONTINUED.

IT'S A DERN LIE

SEND YOUR "DERN LIE" OF APPROXIMATELY 175 WORDS TO TALL STORY EDITOR, NEW COMICS MAGAZINE, 432 4TH AVE., N.Y.C. IF PUBLISHED, YOU WILL RECEIVE $1.25

AS TOLD BY MARION W. CLAYTON 54 YORK ST., MONCTON, N.B., CAN.

SOME TIME AGO, I DECIDED TO ENTER A COOKING CONTEST. I FINALLY MADE A CAKE WHICH I KNEW WOULD BE A PRIZE WINNER. AT LAST THE CAKE WAS IN THE OVEN AND I DECIDED TO SIT DOWN AND REST AWHILE.

ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE OVEN DOOR OPENED AND THE CAKE CAME FLOATING OUT BEFORE MY ASTONISHED EYES.

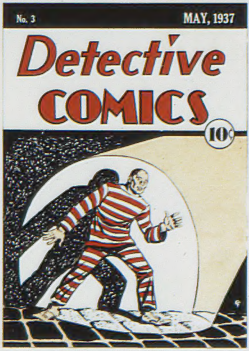
IT HAD STARTED OUT THE WINDOW BEFORE I RECOVERED MY SENSES ENOUGH TO SNATCH IT BACK TO SAFETY. FRANTICALLY, I PLACED IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR, THINKING TO FROST IT IN THE MORNING.

THE NEXT MORNING I AROSE TO FIND BOTH THE REFRIGERATOR AND KITCHEN DOOR MISSING. I HASTENED TO THE DOOR AND DISCOVERED THE FORMER REPOSING AMID THE BRANCHES OF A POPLAR.

WITH THE HELP OF A DOZEN KIND-HEARTED NEIGHBORS, IT WAS BROUGHT DOWN. BUT AS A BRISK BREEZE SPRANG UP, IT LEAPT INTO THE AIR WITH TWELVE HUMANS CLINGING TO THE SIDES.

I NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN. BUT A CAKE TIN WE FOUND TEN MILES AWAY WITH THESE WORDS SCRATCHED ON THE BOTTOM, "WE ARE HEADED FOR MARS. HAD TO EAT YOUR CAKE. SORRY." I ALONE KNEW IT'S MEANING, BUT SAID NOTHING FOR WHO WOULD BELIEVE MY STORY?!

ACTION-PACKED STORIES IN COLOR!



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LOOK OUT SARGE!
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME YOUR GUN'VE SAVED MY LIFE, CAREY!
AFTER THAT LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY, I'D SUGGEST WE PROCEED WITH CAUTION!
TAKE THAT, YOU YELLOW KNIFE-STABBING SKUNK!
EYES THE SIZE OF HOT PLATES, AND STUFF A GAG IN HIS MOUTH
OKAY, SARGE
WE'LL GO THROUGH THE HOUSE, I'LL SEARCH UPSTAIRS AND YOU LOOK AROUND DOWN HERE
ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA LIKE THIS FACE!
IF YOU SEE ANYBODY SUSPICIOUS, SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!
GOSH, THIS PLACE IS AS SILENT AS A TOMB!

CRASH!
YEEOW!
THIS IS SOME MYSTERY! THE PLACE SEEMS TO BE A MODERN HOUSE, BUT IT'S ABSOLUTELY DESERTED!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CHINESE?
Suddenly I am conscious of the fact that someone in the house is going through my pockets!
SARGE! LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!
BEHIND YOU, TOO!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

DETECTIVE SERGEANT
CAREY
of the
CHINATOWN
SQUAD
CRASH!
YEEOW!
SARGE! LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!